

TWO NEW
SONGS,
THE
Winchester Christening,
AND
The WISH.

The WINCHESTER CHRISTENING, the Sequel of the Winchester Wedding: A new Song, set to the Tune of a pretty Country Dance, called, The Hemp-dresser.



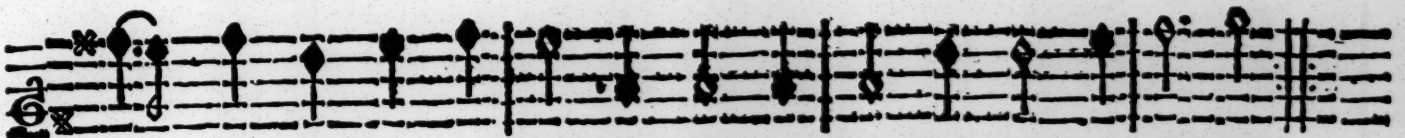
HE Sun had loos'd his weary Team, and turn'd his Steeds a



grazing; ten Fathoms deep in Neptune's Stream, his The--sis was embracing:



The Stars tripp'd in--to the Fir--ma--ment, like Milkmaids on a May-day;



Coun--try Laf--ses a Mumming feat, or School-boys on a Play-day.

II.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn',
 The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
 The Ploughman's Clock late crowing:
 When Roger dreaming of golden Joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
 For Cissy told him, he needs must rise,
 His Juggy was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the toping a good Ale Firkin;
 As Roger Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then Roger cries,
 The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
 In Juggy's Belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out 'till you come.
 P'le help it, cries the old Hag, ne're doubt,
 Thy Jug shall be well again Boy;
 P'le get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in Boy.

V.

The Mare now Buffles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be christen'd that very Morn',
 For fear it should dye a Pagan.

VI.

Now Roger struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Condy;
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lye close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lye wider.

VII. And

Harding Mus. E 99



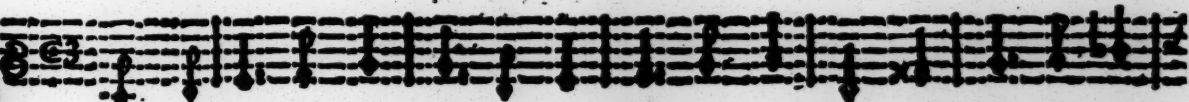
VII.

And now, the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
The Gossips were void of shame too;
In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
Demands the Infant's Name too,
Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;
For she would have it *Cunscula*,
'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

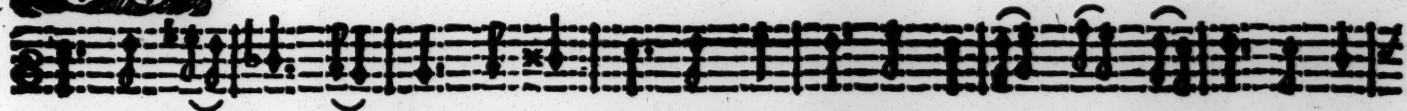
VIII.

Thus *Cuny* of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Cuny* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

The W I S H.

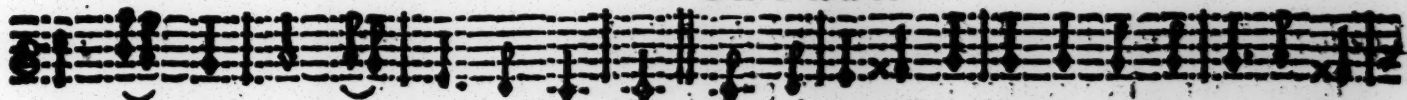


F I live to grow old, for I find I go down, let this be my

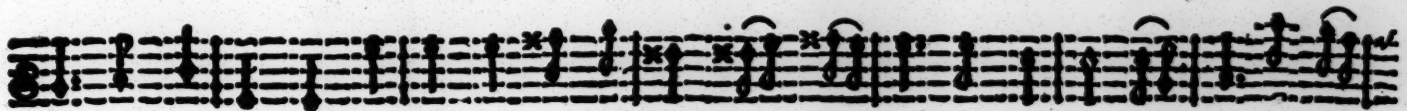


Fate ; In a Coun--try Town may I have a warm House with a Stone at my Gate, and a

CHORUS.



cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate. May I govern my Passions with an ab--so--lute



sway, and grow wi--ser and bet--ter as my Strength wears a--way; without Gons or Stone, without



Gons or Stone, by a gen--tle Decay, by a gen--tle De-cay.

II.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
The Ocean at distance on which I may look ;
With a spacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.
Chor. May I govern, &c.

III. With

III.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and one or two more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean, though coustid, Linnen at every Meal.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*

IV.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of Latin to puzzle the Vicar;
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy Wine*,
To drink the King's Health in as oft as I dine.

Chor. *May I govern, &c.*

V.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
(In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when mellow)
He's gone, and has left not behind him his fellow.

Chor. *For he govern'd his Passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone by a gentle Decay.*

FINIS.

London, Printed by J. P. for Joseph Hindmarsh (Bookseller to His
ROYAL HIGHNESS) at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1685.
